



VOICE OF MISSIONS

BY WAY OF THE CROSS

REV. W. B. DERRICK, D. D.

General Secretary Missionary Department A. M. Church, Room 61 Bill House, New York City

VOL. IV.

30 YOUNG ST., ATLANTA, GEORGIA, APRIL, 1896.

NO. 4.

DR. C. MCKANE RETURNS.

The Republic of Liberia Is Ungrateful
Says the Doctor.

RESUMES HIS PROFESSION.

Pronounced to Be the Most Fertile
Country in West Africa—Every
Prospect Pleases, Only
Man is Vile."

In the subjoined letter Dr. McKane tells the editor of the Savannah Tribune what he thinks of Africa. The editor of the Tribune pays the doctor a very high compliment, says the Tribune:

Dr. McKane is a true son of man, bold in his beliefs and liberal in his ways, astute and congenial, ever ready to foster any movement for the advancement of the race and especially of his friends.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, January 5, '96.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Your very kind letter reached me at Monrovia. I was glad to hear from you to know that things are moving along nicely in Savannah.

Liberia is a brave boy, but I cannot say that I have been treated so kindly by my friends in Liberia, as you know I have had to be of some service to the republic, but I suppose my activity in politics in early life operated against me. I did not know that the results of the two years of arduous work were hardly enough, but there is more and better to follow. The interest in the society and its beautiful work for the love of Christ, that was aroused at our first annual meeting has resulted in the formation of many new societies, and only the Master Himself will be able to estimate the blessed results of the service undertaken.

One would think that the results of the two years of arduous work were hardly enough, but there is more and better to follow. The interest in the society and its beautiful work for the love of Christ, that was aroused at our first annual meeting has resulted in the formation of many new societies, and only the Master Himself will be able to estimate the blessed results of the service undertaken.

But however fully we may be able to congratulate ourselves upon the growth of the societies throughout the district, it becomes our duty, in reviewing the work to understand and state fairly the true condition of the societies, and if possible provide for an extension and increase of power throughout the district. It seems that many eyes are turned toward the Third Episcopal District. One of the workers in a sister state wrote us last week: "Our women are not so wide awake as the women of your district." Dear sisters, it is for us to decide whether we shall "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish."

The reports of the second quarter's work have been coming in quite encouragingly, notwithstanding the blockade in financial affairs. Yet we are not doing the work that we have done. Some say, "We are waiting until after the General Conference to see what change will be made."

Have we not the wait? Proper provision for the future and the privilege and responsibility of this provision is upon the members of this society. The coming General Conference will undoubtedly formulate plans whereby we will be enabled to feel the power of union with the whole body of missionary workers within the pale of the A. M. E. church. It is our prayer that after the adjournment of the conference the plans endorsed by them will be put into operation, struggling societies will be encouraged, new ones be formed in waiting cities, towns and villages, and whole communities spring to sympathy and co-operation in God's service.

To the unprejudiced mind of the student or common observer the logic of this reasoning must be seen correct.

The distinction wealth and office give is a great and effective loophole by which the wealthy criminal often escapes the stern, adequate penalty of the law.

Study and observation of cause and effect as applied to civil law and discriminations in favor of the rich and powerful when weighed with the poor and weak, and white and black, often shock the sense of justice in every thoughtful person. These happenings at home and abroad, the verdict in the present case was "guilty of manslaughter."

Miss Flager served her sentence in the reception room of the matron of the jail, surrounded by her father and numerous other friends, no doubt joking over this burlesque on justice.

While blood of the murdered boy

cried out in vain for justice.

The excuse for this latest sham is that "Miss Flager suffered from the shock to her sensitive feelings because of her high position in society and her superiority to the common folk was in itself a more severe punishment to her than to the other."

Pray tell! when did God make her or any other representative of plutocracy of finer stock than those classed as common people? Such an excuse is as disgraceful as it is false, but it served its purpose only too well. "Justifying the taking of human life"—is this a fair disbursement of justice? If so, how long before we shall be all legally exterminated by these fine-feathered sensitive criminals?

Had the set upon this case, entered into a compact with the district attorney to call court half an hour earlier than usual, that the public might not witness this shameful outrage upon justice.

Had the victim of this tragedy been Miss Flager and the murderer young Green, even the carved stone figure of justice that surrounds the front of the court house would have had cause to hide tears of sympathy for the murderer; ten to one would there have been a lynching bee, with young Green the principal.

Had the day when the men, women and children of the church will stand in the judgment of the nation's executioner.

Why is it then? We're sure we can not explain unless it is that the dear sisters in other states do not comprehend the value of association and organization. Organize! organize! organize! seems to be the pass word of the day. "I'm sick of organization, organization."

If England can afford an organization for the prevention of cruelty to cattle this should put to shame every unkind thought in regard to organized efforts for the cause of Christ.

It is true He will recognize our individual purpose, and individual labor for Him; but it is also true that alone we can comparatively do very little, while by united labor we can accomplish all things through Him.

We want no isolated societies, we want one interest to be a common interest to all. The record of the A. M. E. church in missionary work down to the present is a grand record, all things considered. Think of many poor churches scarcely able to support their pastor, sustaining a missionary society. Will these devoted followers be thrice welcomed into His presence? The future record of the church in this line of work does exactly what it promises. The International Society does not.

One third of the sisters who left our city in March have died because they have not received food and medicine promised by the society.

In my opinion, based on experience, that the American Negro had better remain where he is and fight for his rights in America. Africa will solve her own problem. Negroes will always be supreme in Africa. White supremacy is impossible in West Africa. Africa is not the place as I can see it now, for the educated or the uneducated American Negro. He is not ready for Africa nor is Africa ready for him.

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THE VOICE OF MISSIONS

Published by the Missionary Department of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, in the United States and Canada, etc. It is issued monthly and bi-monthly in Canada, etc. The annual cost is only 50 cents a year; single copies 5 cents each. This is the only Missionary news from our Home and Foreign Missions. The subscribers are doing in all parts of the world to bring the nations of Earth to our Lord Jesus Christ. It will contain items also, which the press are not doing throughout the world by the African races and their descendants elsewhere.

Bishops, Presiding Elders and Ministers of the General Church, who are Agents for the Voice of Missions.

Address Bishop H. M. Turner, Atlanta, Ga., or Voice of Missions, Atlanta, Ga. This Voice of Missions reaches a wide circulation in Africa, South America, West Indies, and has scarcely a rival in the United States. The African Mission is the only one in the world to bring the news of the Lord Jesus Christ. It will contain items also, which the press are not doing throughout the world by the African races and their descendants elsewhere.

For further information we expect to treat our subscribers fairly and give them ten times the value of their money.

We earnestly invite the aid of the minister, wives, especially, in making this a mighty instrument for the work of God.

We earnestly invite the more cheerful, as a woman was the first missionary to announce to the world the resurrection of its Master.

Sisters, will you join and help the sister of Sisters joined with him.

READERS OF THE VOICE OF MISSIONS.

THE NEGRO AS A RACE.

Having done the hardest four years' work that ever fell to the lot of any one man, as we believe, we shall now give a few months to the paper and dispose of thousands of letters, papers, pamphlets, etc., which have come to this office. I find a host of you in debt to the paper, and I am in debt, too, for the paper. Please come to my rescue by settling up. You can write me in person now, and I will give immediate attention to everything connected with the paper, while I am disposing of other business. Let me hear from you at once about the paper in every particular.

H. M. TURNER,
Atlanta, Ga.

MINISTERS who would like to act as agents for the new book of Rev. A. L. Ridel, will write us a personal letter, and direct it to the Voice of Missions, Atlanta, Ga., so if we should not be at home Mrs. Turner, or the acting secretary can immediately reply, in keeping with the instruction we shall leave, as we have no regular secretary at present.

H. M. T.

I am home acting as my own secretary. Therefore, all business connected with the Voice of Missions, must be directed to Bishop H. M. Turner, Atlanta, Ga., or Voice of Missions, Atlanta, Ga. H. M. T.

DR. TURNER would make an able Bishop if elected. His learning and eloquence is beyond question.

ENCYCLOPEDIA JOURNAL is the name which a very prominent editor calls it, the Voice of Missions, for he says it talks about everything in creation.

REV. J. G. ROBINSON sent in the largest subscription from the Louisianians Conference to the Voice of Missions of any acting agent since the paper began.

REV. J. Q. JOHNSON, of Princeton, N. J., called into our sanctum, and we found him pleasant, entertaining and highly cultured. If he is equal to his wife he is a great man.

The likeness of Mrs. Thurman is a miserable botch. It by no means does her justice. We did not notice it till the last moment. We will have a good one made in the future.

Mrs. DR. W. R. CARSON, of Woodville, Miss., died in the full triumph of the faith, March 9th, at 5 o'clock a.m. We deeply sorrow with Dr. Carson in the great loss he has sustained.

REV. O. P. ROSS, D. D., is without exception one of the ablest pulpit powers in the nation. Talk of Talmage being a great preacher, and so he is, but he is no more outpreach Ross than we Lascians.

Wittenberg would rise two hours before day and preach to the miners before they went to work and have a thousand converts before sunrise, more than most of our grubbing preachers have in ten and fifteen years.

Local preachers, it appears, in the M. E. Church South, are raising a disturbance by being too officious. We ought to have some of them in the A. M. E. Church, but few of ours are worth their salt.

The Price of the New Budget Book ought to be 50 cents, 75 cents and a dollar, but we have put it at about cost price, so that everybody who has any brains can get it. Idiots and numbskulls don't need it.

The Budget Book discusses points and characteristics about the black man we have never seen raised and treated before by any writer, and does it with a philosophy we have yet to find elsewhere.

MR. P. F. WILLIAMS, an attorney at law, of high scholarship and a jurist of great reputation, who is also a lay delegate to the ensuing General Conference, will be a candidate for the editorship of the Southern Christian Recorder.

The historicalization of all war events that happened around Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, appears to be the chief ambition of the people in that section of the country. Slave, tablets, rock shafts, and lettering in boulders are to be seen.

BISHOP TANNER says, "The likeness of the Negro will never be painted, until he paints it himself." The book just printed from the pen of Rev. A. L. Ridel of Africa, sustains the position of Bishop Tanner. Ridel takes hold of a line of thought often, we have seen in no other book, newspaper or periodical.

SHUCKS, men attempt to break or kill A. L. Ridel. They had as well try to knock the moon out of the sky, by shooting a marble from their fingers. A man of his brain, patience, fidelity, long-suffering cannot be downed. If you do not believe it, read his last book. He will live, when his contemners are forgotten.

REV. A. B. KLINE, of the A. M. E. Z. Church, who lives at 725 Chestnut street, Chattanooga, Tenn., is 94 years of age, yet he walks erect and his mind is perfectly clear. He has been a Christian 67 years, and a preacher over 40 years; has received in the church 806 members, 12 of whom are ministers of the gospel.

The great book upon Africa and cognate subjects, which we have just published, will unquestionably be in great demand. We hope no one will send us money to have the book forwarded to them, and do like services of others, who send for the Voice of Missions, head their letters with Atlanta, Georgia, when they are writing from places in Alabama, North Carolina, Texas or Tennessee, etc.

DR. W. M. KEY, at 133 East 9th street, Chattanooga, Tenn., is the greatest horse trainer on earth without doubt, colored gentleman, as he is. He has a horse by the name of Jim, who can act postmaster, hand everybody their letters if they will, change money, play hand organ, life collection, ring a bell, act railroad conductor, write his name, set like a drunkard, and do everything it seems except talk, but he certainly understands talk. The horse and man both are wonders.

A WISE PASTOR.

I am only fourteen years old, but I think I can say something about the Negro race in countries where he has all advantages, as in Liberia, West Indies, etc. He is as thrifty and brave as any white man. The reason he is not so thrifty as the whites in this country is because he has been in slavery so long, and of course had to look up to them as his rulers, etc. So after he has been free he still looks to the whites as his rulers, when he is as competent as they are. While there are many who cannot read or write, but if all of them could read or write in the condition he is in now, it would not do him any good. Now, how in the world can the Negro of America stand this? They talk of African fever being bad, I'm sure it is not worse than this. Why don't you go to Africa? This is the excuse: "Africa fever is dreadful; I could not stand it; Africans would eat me." I am sure if you were to go to Africa and did happen to take the fever, you would be on your last soil and in a grave. That would be better than staying here being mobbed, ostracized, etc. And, furthermore, do you think an African would eat you? Why some of you are so dirty a buzzard would not eat you if you were dead. The Negro of Liberia is wealthy and has sense and education enough not to eat such dirty scoundrels that are going around fusing and degrading the only country that the American Negro can point to for refuge. Christ was carried into Africa for refuge, and I shall go, too. Where He leadeth I shall follow. Would you have the audacity to abuse the country that God has given us and our Savior went into for refuge? I believe He intended for us to go, too. Some of you say you do not believe God intended for us to go there. If He did not, they would not succeed as well as they do over there. But some of you say: "Times will get better." Times are about as good as they ever will be for us. So you had better make up your mind to go to Africa now, or you will be too late.

CHARLES S. WILLIAMS, Brookhaven, Miss.

LIVINGSTONE'S MISSIONARY WORK

If the concentration, the consecration and martyrdom of a great life for a cause, be a plea for the importance or greatness of that cause, then the life of David Livingstone, given to the heart of Africa, in order that the heathen might receive the light of the gospel, is the greatest argument for missions. The heart of Livingstone lies buried under a Monia tree in Central Africa, his bones are resting in Westminster Abbey, but his soul still marches on. When the now dead trembling over the wires that Livingstone had died on his knees in the heart of Africa, praying for his benighted millions, the Christian world resolved to answer that prayer, and the result was the greatest missionary advance the world had ever seen.

Friends, Africa's needs come very near us. Africa is our fatherland. Shall we close our ears and be indifferent to the cries of her perishing millions? I would go in sympathy to the place where Livingstone died on his knees, and stand where his heart lies buried in the village of Ilala on the banks of the Bangweolo, and there resolve that Livingstone shall not have died in vain.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

The Sunday School Department, it appears, is attracting much attention among our brethren who are aspirants for office. We congratulate so many of our brethren upon feeling themselves able to man every part of the church, but we have just been through the Sabbath School Department and inspected it from top to bottom, and its present lack of machinery and other things caused by the great fire, and we are frank to say that the General Conference will just have to re-inspect it.

3. The 2d and 3d chapters of Matthew, with the 4th, from 1st to 11th verse; the 18th, 19th and 20th chapters of St. John and the 24th of St. Luke shows how Jesus, our Redeemer and Saviour, came into the world, conquered Satan, suffered, died, was buried, rose and ascended to heaven that we might know the way and be saved.

4. The 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, with the 3d of Leviticans, 27th to 36th verse, 10th chapter of Hosea, 12th and 13th verse, and Matthew, 6th and chapter 33rd verse, tell us the best time to seek or remember the Lord and why.

5. The 6th chapter of St. Luke, 20th to 49th verse; Ezekiel 33d chapter, 1st to 20th verse, 26th Leviticus, 37th Psalm, 14th Proverbs, 12th and 13th 1st Corinthians, 5th and 6th Galatians, 5th of Ephesians, with 6th chapter, 1st to 4th verse; 2d, 3d and 4th chapters of 1st Peter, 1st chapter of 2d Peter and the General Epistle of Jude teach us how we must live after we find and enter into the (church) kingdom of heaven.

6. The 18th chapter of Matthew, the 3d and 4th of St. James shows God's way to govern His church or His people.

7. The 17th and 15th chapters of St. John, the 13th of Hebrews and the 20th, 21st and 22d of Revelation tell us of our eternal home and the Holy Spirit who helps us to make our calling and election sure through earth to our heavenly rest.

You will also profit much by reading the Discipline of our church, especially the Catechism of Faith, the General Rules, the Duties of Officers, and the like.

REV. A. J. WARNER, D. D., of the A. M. E. Zion Church, possibly stands without the bishopric by a long communication just as we go to press, but we will have to defer it for the next issue. Bradwell is one of the best theologians in the state—one of the best read men in the church, and for work done has no equals in the state. He was the first Georgian to unite with our church after the war, first to the Anti-Slavery work, first ordained, first in brain power, spotless in life, and fit for anything in the gift of the church, a natural born gentleman, could not be mean, tricky and little.

We hope persons in writing for the new book of Rev. A. L. Ridel, that he may be well both in health and strength, and let us have the following character: "Dear Bishop:

I was reading in THE VOICE OF MISSIONS about a new book which you have just published for Rev. A. L. Ridel, who is now in Africa. I wish you would write me a long letter and tell me all about it, for I rather think I would like to have such a book as that, and I may send for it when I get a letter from you.

"Truly yours,
"JOHN TIMPERHEAD."

REV. C. L. BRADWELL, P. E., is endorsed for the bishopric by a long communication just as we go to press, but we will have to defer it for the next issue. Bradwell is one of the best theologians in the state—one of the best read men in the church, and for work done has no equals in the state. He was the first Georgian to unite with our church after the war, first to the Anti-Slavery work, first ordained, first in brain power, spotless in life, and fit for anything in the gift of the church, a natural born gentleman, could not be mean, tricky and little.

We saw Bishop Tanner in Nashville, looking well. Rev. S. R. Reed, pastor St. Paul A. M. E. church, has a big revival on hand and a large number of converts. Brother Reed thinks that a majority of the general officers think their positions are practically nominations for the bishopric. And they are neglecting their business by running around drumming up votes.

He intends to thunder at the general conference against electing more than one general officer to the bishopric, and if they fool with him he will go.

He thinks the Dr. will be a calamity to the church and should not be elected.

REV. A. B. KLINE, of the A. M. E. Z. Church, who lives at 725 Chestnut street, Chattanooga, Tenn., is 94 years of age, yet he walks erect and his mind is perfectly clear. He has been a Christian 67 years, and a preacher over 40 years; has received in the church 806 members, 12 of whom are ministers of the gospel.

The great book upon Africa and cognate subjects, which we have just published, will unquestionably be in great demand. We hope no one will

send us money to have the book forwarded to them, and do like services of others, who send for the Voice of Missions, head their letters with Atlanta, Georgia, when they are writing from places in Alabama, North Carolina, Texas or Tennessee, etc.

DR. W. M. KEY, at 133 East 9th street, Chattanooga, Tenn., is the greatest horse trainer on earth without doubt, colored gentleman, as he is.

He has a horse by the name of Jim, who can act postmaster, hand everybody their letters if they will, change money, play hand organ, life collection, ring a bell, act railroad

conductor, write his name, set like a drunkard, and do everything it seems except talk, but he certainly understands talk.

BRADWELL furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge. It is by thinking that we are profited.

PRINCE BISMARCK, in addressing some visitors on German colonial masters in Africa, among other things said that he did not believe in the equality of races." "Providence," he added, "had given the Negro another destiny than that given to the whites." But he opposed all treatment of the Negro or the dog, but even with the system of blows is anathema.

What Bismarck means by the "horse or the dog," as applied to the Negro, we cannot imagine. We believe his words have been contorted by some Negro hating or other than the anti-slavery party.

He certainly conveys no sense in the connection they stand. But when the great statesman says that "Providence had given the Negro another destiny than that given to the whites," we fully concur.

The destiny of the black man is as surely separate and distinct as the hand is distinct from the foot, while they belong to the same body and are mutually dependent upon each other.

DR. U. S. SMITH, who has visited nearly all of the West India Islands, sees the future of the Negro in a new light. He says he does not object to African emigration, as the black man must have a nation of his own, sooner or later, to command the respect of the civilized world. But he says the island of Hayti contains about six hundred thousand square miles and about seven hundred thousand population, a paradise on earth, so far as trees, forest, vegetation, fruits, gold, silver, mountains, plains, and everything that man needs, and there is room there for five million more inhabitants to live comfortable, to the last man.

He thinks that Hayti is a good place for the American Negro to emigrate.

All right, Dr. Smith, start the movement, and we will help you with all of our might. Anywhere to get a good Negro man.

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"IS AFRICAN EMIGRATION A NECESSITY?"

BY REV. J. A. HADLEY

Before the Members of the Historic and Literary Institute, Atlanta, Ga.

(We clip the following from the Month-Piece, of Tennesse, Ga.)

To the President and Members of the Historic and Literary Institute:—The above caption is one that has undergone a most wonderful consideration and careful perusal by men of tact and genius, whose interests were involved in various pursuits of life, and from a speculative sense became a burden in search of truth and light.

EMIGRATION. The term derives its name from the Latin, *emigrare*, remove or depart, or in a broader significance, means to leave one's native country, to reside permanently in another. Columbus was the first explorer and emigrant to present such an aberrant mind to good results. Man is, in his makeup, wanderer regardless to what he has, or claims he is in. He has a turn of mind that is ever in search and reasons to his own benefit. Notwithstanding, elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of his mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart.

However pleasant, there are, but few remain today where they were birthed, for they desire a better country.

There is nothing more melancholy to the mind of a loving father than when he looks in the future and sees no prospects for his son. The first thought that suggests itself to him is what must I do? Or what avocation to pursue, or what vista will be opened to him that will create greater happiness and put him on a firmer basis than that of his father?

The Americans guard well their rights and the protection of their country.

It is to them a source of vigilance to keep back foreign invasion. In this country you can find all nations seeking employment from the hands of Americans, and as such the Caucasians see to it that their children shall become the stronghold of this country, laws being enacted and executed, government supported and cherished, vigilant eyes are ever open to the betterment of this, their residence.

The Negro race is made subject to the American laws, which deprive them of freedom and the execution of will-power, however industrious and learned they may be, and receive their penury-earnings through the merciless hands of tyrannical force and prejudices, which is calculated to blemish every enterprising effort of genius and tact.

In view of this fact, it is pre-requisite that the Negro should return to the land of their nativity and build up a government to better their condition.

AFRICAN EMIGRATION IS A NECESSITY.

The Negro in this country is made a convenience for the outgrowth of greater speculation.

He was brought here by the then supposed proletarian, without a friend to sympathize or support him in his weakness. Thus circumstances shaped sentiment against him.

The growth of this race is miraculously wonderful in so short a time as two hundred and fifty years. They have been made the topic and source of great speculation.

This beautiful southland has been cleared up and utilized to the advantage of the Caucasian and the disadvantage of the Negro race.

Lifting the soil, hewing down the forest and making this country conducive to the growth of vegetation. In twenty-five or thirty years, he has made great gain in the science of mathematics and thinks well for himself. His wealth and taxation grows in proportion; therefore he pays taxes on millions of dollars worth of property.

But because the race has made such rapid progress in so short a time, it may sign that they breathe pure atmosphere of freedom. Is it because we can point to individuals here and there scattered like unto the fragments of confederacy, instilling a feeling of ambition sufficient to carry them beyond the poisonous prejudices of our daily antagonist that we should remain in this country?

The future of the Negro race is too obscure in this country. They will have to possess the sternness of a Hannibal, the oratory of a Cloero, and surpass in strength numerically and equal their predecessors in wealth, or they will be trusted with public honor in this government, and if such be true, then we are still slaves.

Suppose the Negro would advance in strength and wealth, would he be invested with that power to shape sentiments and create laws, and become the criterion for the once monopolistic element of this country? No, the pale-faced world resort to every conceivable remedy possible to extirpate the Negro from the American shores. He can, therefore, have no future in this country, but home of the free and land of the brave.

As to the present, the wealthy Negro of this country has so far proved a failure to the race, and showed no sympathy and beneficence to his brother in Africa. It seems to be a preconceived idea of theirs that when they make distribution of their funds it must go in favor of the whites.

For instance, two wealthy Negroes died in this state, one at Darien, the other at Atlanta, leaving considerable wealth, which upon examination was found that their estate was made over to white institutions.

Another star that shone so bright in the firmament of prominence, was praised as a Martin Luther, and has sung its name to the intellectual skies; raised epitaphs and organized societies in honor to its memory that we would never forget him but our memory be laid upon him; was the first to teach a companion to the dangers of the whites, and a surprise and a regret of us all at his death fell into the hands of his relatives. That was the noble statesman and hero, Frederick Douglass. It might be well to love him for his ambition, but cease him for his amalgamation.

In this land the race is fashioned according to their surrounding. The Negro has no fort in America but of God, and his chances in this country are secondary to that of any other race.

P. F. WHITMAN.

The white man holds this sunny land as his parlor; he claims to have fought, bled and died for it, and at such a sacrifice thinks he has the exclusive right to reign supreme, and the Negro is not to intrude his privileges, but rather abide the consequences. There is no code of law, nor any jury, nor judge, nor citizen that is in harmony with the black man in the law of justice.

The burden that is daily being pressed on the Negro, without the least of interference by law, and upon high misnomers and intense passion, their good judgment is converted into ravenous fiends, and make the Negro subject to their morbid passion and most cruel circumstances.

The persecution of the Negro under the American institutions is worse than the persecution of the Catholics were under the British government over a century ago.

"A Red Record," a worthily published book by Miss Isa B. Wells, illustrates, as well as demonstrates, the fact that this country is not the Negro's home.

Every outcry of fleshly acts is heaped upon the Negro, notwithstanding he is innocent of two-thirds of the charges against him; but he must be the sufferer.

In the face of such maltreatment can one believe that this country is his home and it is necessary to go to their own country?

Education, so far, has failed to bring the races together. Wealth will never serve as a moral specific in this age sufficiently to amend the awful breach. Work will not accomplish the desired, however disastrous, because this is not his home.

It all these are enigmatical truths, what will change the state of affairs? The government says share alike, but it is carried out in any one section of this republic?

If the law fails—the only refuge in time of need—then what may we expect?

We are living in a deplorable condition in this, the white man's country. To live in America, facing such appalling sentiments, gazing at us as beacon, or the ghost of Banquo, what may we expect, and for what are we living in America?

I repeat if all these are facts, then the Negro is enigmatically disfranchised, and only serves as a source of commerce for malignant purposes by other races, and his stay in this country is considered to be an inglorious one.

MY MOTHER GONE.

By Rev. Seth D. W. Smith.

OBITUARY.

DEAR EDITOR VOICE OF MISSIONS:

The mail of this month brought to me the sad intelligence of the death of my dear mother, Mrs. Sophia Martin Smith, in the 97th year of her age, who died on January 14th, 1896, at Christiansburg, St. Croix, Danish West Indies. My mother was born in Anguilla, British West Indies, and was the oldest daughter of Colonel Martin and Elizabeth, his wife.

During the days of the tremendous struggles between the French and British her father immortalized himself in many acts of gallantry towards repulsing the French in their attacks on the island, and retaining, it still in the possession of the British government, and he was honored by being commissioned as colonel of his regiment, which honor he held up to his death. They moved to St. Croix, D. W. I., and the entire family became members of St. John's Episcopal church, and she remained an honorary member to her death. Twenty-six years ago I was shipwrecked for the seventh time in succession and carried to the island of St. John, which is only forty miles from my home. I embraced the opportunity of paying her a visit, and spent the Sabbath there. It being communion day in the church, we knelt side by side at that sacred altar for the last time and partook of the Holy communion together. On reaching home Simeon-like she rejoiced and praised God that she was permitted to once more take sacrament with her only baby boy, and remarked that "all things worked together for good to those that love the Lord." For had you not been shipwrecked I would not enjoy this blessed privilege. On my returning home I entered the itinerant ranks under Bishop Nazrey, and never had the privilege of seeing my dear, precious mother again in this world, but thank God, there is a glorious hope, yes, a precious promise, that the Lord will bring His saints together in the sweet by and bye. (See 2d Thessalonians, 4th chapter, 13th to 17th verse.) Good bye, Precious mother, time, we can never forget the lessons you taught us. They have been a blessing to me, my light house, my treasure, be amidst the storms and trials of life. In her last letter to me, written by her own trembling hands, she said, referring to her sufferings: "It will be all over, soon; I am going home to rest. Meet me there."

Yes, mother, God helping me, I will. In the poetical language of Kirkpatrick I say—

On the happy golden shore,
Where the faithful port no mix;
When the storms of life are o'er,
I'll meet you there.

Her fond fondest love is vain,
Dearest links are rent in twain,
In her veins is throb of pain;
I'll meet you there.

By the river sparkling bright,
In the city of delight,
Where my faith is lost in sight,
I'll meet you there.

Fil me you there, I'll meet you there,
I'll meet you there, I'll meet you there,
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